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PROSPERITY
AND ITS
PROPHETS.

Curiously enough, the return of prosperity under the celebrated advance agency is attended with almost as much bickering and unseemly strife as the election which preceded it. The trouble seems to spring from the unbounded desire of a certain sort of politicians in and out of newspaper offices to announce unprecedented revivals of industry—without the precaution of ascertaining the facts—and, on the other hand, a hostile band of patriots who seem eager to deny that any quickening of the wheels of industry has resulted at all. One of our local contemporaries, for example, encounters this serious charge at the hands of the News, of Highland Falls:

In its list of industries which the New York World of Monday claimed to have resumed business since McKinley's election, three are accredited to Highland Falls. Comment is unnecessary. Two of the three never had an existence here, and the third one alluded to is the Forest of Dean Mines, which has not resumed, and probably never will, as the territory belonging to the company has long since been exhausted.

This case is not unique. Exaggeration in the glowing stories of prosperity's return has been the rule. Mills have been reopened on paper which never existed on earth. Thousands of men have been suddenly employed in hamlets populated by scores only. The reopening of factories which closed for political purposes only is gravely chronicled as a legitimate revival of industry. So notorious have the errors of statement—whether deliberate or accidental—become that the Philadelphia Record is moved to charge the wicked silver men with wilfully sending in false reports to the gold papers in order to bring discredit upon those always temperate and trustworthy organs of public information.

This is poor journalism and worse patriotism. Equally, if not indeed more, discreditable is the action of some opponents of the incoming Administration who decry and ridicule every report of what is obviously a very real and gratifying improvement in the business situation. Such an improvement invariably follows the close of a Presidential campaign. That it should be more marked this year than ever before is natural, for among the business community there was, prior to the election, a sincere if mistaken belief that McKinley's election would bring prosperity. If enough of the people can be brought to believe anything—however fallacious—the markets will be affected and the impetus, up or down, may be just sufficient to start a movement of prolonged duration.

Any political advantage which the McKinleyites can gain by crying prosperity and by accomplishing it they are heartily welcome to. The individual or faction which strives to block that sort of campaigning will get in the way of popular resentment.

THE NEW
ADMINISTRATION
AND
THE TRUSTS.

The news comes from Canton, on the authority of confidential friends of Major McKinley, that he when President "will assume a dignified attitude of opposition to all trusts and monopolies. The further information is given that—

He is opposed to anything that smacks of demagogism in dealing with the concentration of wealth. He will never fight the corporations because they are corporations; but he will take up the cudgels against them if they violate the law. The law—

—will be his platform and his justification.

A very good platform, too. If President McKinley snail stand on it, and fight on it, his Administration will be a success. Nobody of sense wants him to fight corporations as such. That would be to make war upon instrumentalities which have made the greatest material achievements of modern civilization possible. Associations of capital for the purposes of increasing efficiency in production and decreasing expense are natural, legitimate and laudable, whether these associations be called corporations, trusts or by any other name. The American people have too much intelligence, too keen a knowledge of business, to rail against such useful associations. It is when the corporation, the trust, degenerates into a conspiracy in restraint of trade, and instead of seeking honest profit sets out on the high seas of commerce as a buccaner, forcing all competitors to walk the plank, and robbing right and left with both hands, that it becomes a public evil and should be suppressed in behalf of the common welfare. There are tendencies in corporations to be encouraged and tendencies to be discouraged. It is inevitable that in this time of railroads and telegraphs capital should concentrate; it is also inevitable that concentrated capital should be tempted to abuse its power. There is where the law comes in, and there is where President McKinley should come in, too, for the law's enforcement. He need be under no apprehension that he will incur loss of official or personal dignity by coming in good and strong, either, for the punishment of any trust that is found squeezing and stealing. The repose of the Cleveland Administration in the presence of the plundering trusts has been as impressive as that which marks the cast of Vere de Vere, but there is no dignity in its placid pose—no more than there would be in the figure of a policeman standing in stately quiet with his eyes fixed on the sky while a thief ran past in safety with his booty. There is dignity in appropriate action, however energetic, while there may be none in profound calm—Cleveland calm.

It is unfortunate that when he is awakening to the necessity of applying the corrective cudgel of the law to lawless trusts the President-elect gives no sign of conversion from his high protection doctrine. Corporations, trusts and other aggregations of wealth have ample natural power to protect themselves. Every particle of protection given them by the tariff stimulates their appetite and endows them with artificial strength to resist the regulating law when they are so disposed—which they generally are. The needs of the country, with its seventy millions of population and great natural resources, would give us all the corporations and trusts necessary for our good. A protective tariff is an incubator that we could get on very well without. But whatever may be his handicaps, self-imposed or other, every patriotic citizen will wish President McKinley success in such efforts as he may make to control the trusts in the public interest by applying the law to them—a law already sweeping enough for their regulation, if not their extermination.

THANKSGIVING
DAY
POLITICS.

Unreconciled to defeat, the Governor of Arkansas pours forth his woes in a proclamation seemingly addressed to the Deity. A statute directs him to set aside the last Thursday in November as a day of giving thanks, and though he chews the bitter cud of disappointment and chagrin, he complies with the form if not the spirit of the law. "The people of Arkansas," he says, "are infinitely indebted to their Maker for the blessings of good health and for a measure of social and material prosperity that it has not been within the power of man to entirely destroy by unwise legislation." This is thanksgiving with a decided mental reservation. But more. Our Arkansas Gov-

ernor proceeds to enlarge upon his objections to too fervent gratitude to the Almighty:

We have been provided for in abundance from God's store-houses, and our only cause for murmur or complaint is to be found in such things as the misguided action of our fellow-citizens in other sections have imposed upon us. With us "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Let us, therefore, on the day named, return profound and unstinted thanks to the Creator for the bounty it has pleased him to bestow upon us as a State, and to praise and bless Him for the privileges yet preserved to us of still persisting in our task of making those now groping in the darkness of selfishness and error know the right, and knowing, dare to maintain it.

One can hear already the outcry of the orthodox—both the politically and the ideologically orthodox—against this interlopation of political feeling in a Thanksgiving proclamation. But, after all, the Arkansan has many precedents to appeal to. The President of the United States did not hesitate to make mention of Democracy's defeat as one reason for eating our turkey in a spirit of complete thankfulness. If the one partisan may be thankful officially and religiously for victory, the other surely need not curb his resentment because of defeat.

Anyway, our politics and theology are getting inextricably entangled. Archbishops issue pronouncements in favor of one candidate, and bishops reply with pronouncements for the other one. In Denver clergymen pray fervently for the silver candidate, and in New York pious supplications arise for the success of the champion of gold. The clergy have set the example to politicians of mingling politics with religion, and it is little wonder that the fruit of this instruction becomes apparent in the only religious function which our chief executives of state or nation are authorized by law to discharge. Perhaps in due time the process of evolution which has already changed the devout Thanksgiving Day of the Puritans into a day of feasting and football may enable the people to see, without the revulsion which now attends the sight, politicians in office attacking their adversaries under cover of an expression of humble thanks to Almighty God.

A FOE
IN THE
CITADEL.

Mr. Moody, the revivalist, is stirring a good many of the orthodox churches out of that complacent and respectable lethargy into which they have so strong a tendency to settle in calm spiritual weather. The indications are that there will be efforts made on a large scale in this city and vicinity to call sinners to repentance—not all sinners, but some sinners. The neglected ones will be those whose difficulty is intellectual rather than moral. Mr. Moody, like most revivalists, addresses men and women who are believers, but hold back from joining the churches because of the change in their manner of life which the step renders obligatory. To such as do not accept the Scriptures as inspired, and who hold that the ascertained truths of natural science are contradictory of the biblical explanation of the origin of things, the revivalist, like the average orthodox preacher, has nothing to say. Mr. Moody and the brethren of the pulpit who agree with him theologically are, of course, aware that this class of sinners has become very large, and with the progress of secular knowledge is constantly growing. They know that ultimately the Church will be compelled to face this modern scepticism, which is not aggressive as was the old "infidelity," but merely ignores contemptuously the creeds which have been framed without reference to the results of scientific and historical investigation. For the present, however, they deem it wise to deal exclusively with sinners of the old-fashioned sort, and to put off as long as may be a contest with unbelief which is due to familiarity with Darwin, Huxley and German biblical criticism. It is natural, therefore, that they should resent the uprising in a Congregational pulpit of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott as an expounder of the view which advanced nineteenth century theologians take of the Bible. Dr. Abbott would be ashamed, we dare say, were any one to accuse him of accepting as historical facts the Scriptural account of Creation, the Flood, Jonah's adventure with the whale, the speaking of Balaam's ass and other narratives in the sacred book which make unusual drafts on faith. His orthodox brethren may demand of him to explain how ordinary people are to know what is inspired in the Bible if he or anybody else is to be at liberty to reject as untrue some of its statements. To this Dr. Abbott's reply must be that regard for the peace of mind of mistaken ordinary people should not be carried the length of denying facts, and so earning the scorn of better instructed minds by dishonestly presenting fables as truths. Dr. Abbott might argue that such a course, in the long run, cannot but divorce the Church from intelligence and ally it with ignorance.

We observe that on Sunday last a number of clergymen preached sermons in deprecation of Dr. Abbott's free handling of the Bible. Some of them were bitter, and disposed to class the Brooklyn divine as a traitor to the common cause. The Rev. Archibald A. Cameron said: "Let those who doubt that the Bible is a book inspired by God leave the desk of God. If they entertain the idea that the book is only the result of human effort, and that it is not a divine creation, they may ventilate such views in their private life before their fellow-citizens, but they have no right to preach that the Bible is not the Word of God."

There is a good deal of force in that. To be sure, Dr. Abbott has said nothing that is new to such as have acquainted themselves with the elementary facts of science or the commonplaces of biblical criticism, but there is a time for all things, and it is not surprising that his candor should give special offence at this particular juncture, when Mr. Moody and his clerical co-workers are endeavoring to arouse the people of New York to the expediency of embracing Christianity. To be met with the inquiry, "What is Christianity?" and to have an eminent Congregational minister quoted in justification of the reasonableness of the interrogation, is, in the nature of things, embarrassing and irritating to the last degree.

Mr. Croker gives a practical illustration of his lack of information on current political events on this side of the water when he says he doesn't know who Mark Hanna is. If Mr. Croker will apply to Tom Reed, Matt Quay, Shelby M. Cullom, Cushman K. Davis, Levi P. Morton, Charles M. Manderson and a few other leading Republicans, who imagined themselves Presidential possibilities before the meeting of the St. Louis Convention, he will be able to secure some highly interesting information concerning Hanna.

Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish representative at Washington, makes it quite plain by his observations that he would feel much safer if he could be as sure of the incoming administration as he is of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney. Senor de Lome is another individual who is unable to find large quantities of returning confidence in the election returns.

A mighty Alabama statesman has inaugurated a crusade against bloomers and the shirt waist, and proposes to prohibit the wearing of these articles of clothing. What the country really needs is some practical protection from the freak legislators.

A Kansas football player was killed during the progress of a game. Yet there are persons who would have us believe Kansas is not up to the high order of intelligence which obtains in the other States in the Union.

Just a Moment
with the Chappies.

Great excitement obtains among the pigeon popping chappies just now because it is reported that an Italian is on his way over here to challenge all comers at the traps.

George Work is more than eager to accept that challenge. Fred Hoy danced the coquette-couche in Delfs when he heard of it. Edgar Gibbs (don't forget the Gibbs) Murphy went off to a doctor and had his trigger finger examined the instant the news reached him. Joe Knapp got down his fowling piece, and even "Pagey, old boy," who has been ill so long, showed symptoms of virulent defence.

All of these chappies are impatient to measure guns with the daring dago, for they think that they won't do a thing to him.

Philadelphia pigeon circles are scarcely less agitated than those of New York. Yale Dolan, Charlie Macalester, Tommy Dando, Junius Davis, Leonard Pinnetter and Clarence Dolan are each certain that he can "do" the Italian if New York should fail.

There never was such another rubbing up of pigeon popping apparatus, and I am sure that the honor of America will be successfully defended against this Italian invasion.

Probably the funniest thing in pigeon shooting that has happened recently was the match between Clarence Dolan and George McAlpin.

McAlpin had made a marvellous score at the Westminster Kennel Club—93 out of 100—and was hailed as the coming champion.

Dolan, who had just returned from a European trip, and therefore, was not fully aware of what he was up against—will pardon me if I lapse occasionally into the language of the traps—went into a match with the new wonder.

The pigeon would flutter with anticipation. But it didn't flutter long.

McAlpin beat Dolan so badly that there wasn't a feather of his reputation left.

"Who is McAlpin?" asked Dolan, when the match was over.

Chappledom will doubtless be pleased to peruse the following communication:

Cholly Knickerbocker Esq.
Dear Sir,

You are quite unjust in your articles on the Opera toward my self I am no new comer. My Father late Capt J. P. Levy and my late uncle commodore U. P. Levy was the first to support Opera in old New York (1825) and my family from 1095 was the leaders of fashion and society. In 1754 the Philadelphia Dancing Class originated in an ancestors house and from this Dance the Patriarch Ball was the outcome. I know of no one of the many leaders of society you mention who can out rank myself as a Knickerbocker of Knickerbocker. Yours very truly

JEFFERSON M. LEVY

There is no doubt whatever about the antiquity of Mr. Levy's family, and if any sin of omission on my part created a contrary impression on his mind or that of any one else, I apologize. The Levys were conspicuous in commerce when the Astors were munching acorns in the forests of Germany, and the Vanderbilts were slaving as creatures of burden in Holland. Much interest attaches to Mr. Levy's account of the origin of the "Patriarch Ball," and I imagine that his claim to being a "Knickerbocker of Knickerbocker" will not be disputed by any one who reads his letter. His use of the English language is identified with that of some of my own ancestors in the 17th century.

Hymen will hustle to-day. The marriage of Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald and Ernest Adee will be solemnized by Bishop Sartorius in Calvary Church, while the Calumet Club will weep at the loss of one of its most popular bachelors.

Miss Anna Steward will become Mrs. Lowell Lincoln, Jr., Miss Helen Ganevood Edwards will wed Archibald K. Mackay, and about a dozen other couples will launch their barks upon the unknown sea of matrimony.

That metaphor originated in the Garden of Eden, but it has stood the test of time better than matrimony itself.

Hymen will have another busy day to-morrow, his services being required by Miss Edith Sands and Robert D. Graham, Miss Louise Garland and Robert Emmet, Miss Clara Mary O'Gorman and Edward L. Knoedler, Miss Helen M. Hyde and Charles A. Valentine, and others.

On Thursday, however, the overworked god of marriage can take a rest, eat his turkey and give thanks with the rest of us, both those that are satisfied and those that are dissatisfied with his work.

After all this fuss that is being made by Tim Tunn and the rest of the Wales family over our little Consuelo at Blenheim, the American chapple will have less chance with the American belle than ever.

The dear creatures will all want dukes for husbands, and, falling in that, will run down the scale of titles until age and hopelessness turn their attention to us as a dernier resort.

Isn't an alluring prospect, is it? And don't you forget that these grand doings at Blenheim are not without influence on the social fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont right here at home.

Oliver Belmont social stock is now above par and the market is still rising. Who can blame the stepfather of the Duchess of Marlborough for joining the Masons and riding a goat?

In moments of mental exaltation we all need to open the safety valve in some way or other.

Interest in the opera has not abated in the least.

The attendance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night was up to the top notch of brilliancy and included all the regular Monday nighters.

"Romeo and Juliet" is always a favorite opera with the heavy swells. The women simply adore Jean de Reszke as a lover, and there isn't a chapple in all the town that wouldn't open his ears and shut his eyes to Melba's Juliet.

It would appear that Thanksgiving and Mr. Chardling Doyvis have settled the Turkey question.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Let Us Be Good.
[Detroit Tribune.]

Now that Mr. Bayard has boldly endorsed us right before a lot of British bigwigs, it would be exceedingly unbecoming in us to do anything that might embarrass him.

The Curfew System.
[Chicago Times-Herald.]

We hope New York will investigate the curfew system thoroughly. Oshkosh, Red Oak, Painted Post and Bascom's Corners have adopted it recently with very satisfactory results.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.			
ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Two Little Vegetables	REXALD SQUARE THEATRE	The Mandarin
AMERICAN THEATRE	The Broken Melody	HAILEM OPERA HOUSE	The British
BROADWAY THEATRE	My Friend from India	THEATRE DE LA REINE	Continental Performance
COLUMBIA THEATRE	The Last Straw	KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE	A Sign of the Cross
CASINO	Jack and the Beanstalk	THE CORTLANDT	Leone
EMPIRE THEATRE	The Girl Who	PALMER THEATRE	Boats Dick & Co.
GILBERT THEATRE	The Girl Who	THE TURN OF THE TABLE	Vanouille
FIFTH AVE. THEATRE	His Wife's Father	PASTOR'S THEATRE	Miles Adams
GARDEN THEATRE	The Power of the Press	STANDARD THEATRE	Howard Atkinson & Co.
THEATRE DE LA REINE	A Parisian Romance	THIRD AVE. THEATRE	Howard Atkinson & Co.
HAMMISTET'S OLYMPIA	A Parisian Romance	THEATRE DE LA REINE	The Cherry Pickers

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S
SOCIAL PERPLEXITY.

"Well, if women ain't queer, den I'm a farmer—but I hasn't eut any hay dis season, needer."

"Let me tell you: Wes' are all back in de country again, 'cause Miss Fannie says 'dat Miss Fannie, dat's her little girl, hasn't room t' grow in de city. Mr. Paul says dere is a more folt reason dan dat—'cause if you stay in de city, you has t' go t' de opera t' keep in de swim, and he ain't stuck on de swimmers."

"I asked de Duchess what t'ell he meant by dose language, and de Duchess says dat Mr. Paul didn't like de kind of swimming suits de women wears t' de opera—dey is too much cut off at de wrong end."

"But dat don't mean nothin', needer, for de Duchess, being folt, don't sport de English language like us Americans."

"Anyhow, we is back to our country place, and of course Mr. Paul is back t' his place, what is only just next to ours, and dere ain't no fence between. Mr. Paul always chases hisself wherever he goes, so as he'll be near de bull pup, de Duchess says."

"Well, being all back dere, of course we had t' rig up some kind of a graft t' keep de folks amused; 'cause when folks has money t' melt, dey always keeps dere selfs busy looking for a furnace. Sure! Folks what has nothin' t' do is de most hardest worked mugs in de world, which is why me, being Mr. Burton's valet, and de Duchess, being Miss Fannie's maid, has t' keep ourselfs so busy helping 'em do nothin'."

"But dat aint what I was goin' t' tell you about. I was going t' cop you right about de time we had down de Sound de other night."

"Mr. Paul, he comes t' me and he says, 'Chimmie,' says he, 'Chimmie, if I can prevail upon Mr. Burton t' loan me your services,' he says, using dose dude words bot don't mean nothin', says he, 'I'd like t' have you come over t' my house and wot wid me half a hour every morning, 'cause I'm afraid I'm losin' me first and I need de exercise."

"Sure, I says: 'in a minute, wid joy,' says I."

"We'll see about de joy when we has on de gloves," says he, and he asks Mr. Burton for de loan of me, and I goes over t' Mr. Paul's every morning."

"Say, honest, Mr. Paul is de de shiftest boxer I ever runs up against. He wants it good, too, and one or de odder of us has a eye or a nose t' mend most of de time."

"De Duchess don't kick, 'cause she wins de tips Mr. Paul gives me, and sinks 'em. Dat golt must have about a billion dollars now, sure!"

"Say, I'm so dry I can't get around t' tell you. What? Tanks! I don't mind. A high ball, please. Here's dat de long green may grow like sea weed in your in-side pocket."

"Well, now I'll tell you: His Whiskers asks Miss Fannie what was de matter wid having a house party. I says t' de Duchess dat I'm good deal of a house party myself, but she said de kind of a house party His Whiskers wanted was a party of mugs and women t' stay at de house tell dey all got so sore on each odder dat no one would speak as dey passed de rye. And we had it."

"Dere was de Wiley widdy I was telling you of before, de arils' mug what painted Miss Fannie's picture wid paint, and a lot of boys and galls what don't do nothin' for a living—but just t' live."

"Dere was one goll dere from de West, what's a foun country above de Harlem furder den Westchester County, and she'd never been to our house before, so didn't know I was a servant. I wished dat she did. You see, I don't wear no livery like de odder men help, but wears Mr. Burton's close when he don't wear 'em any more, and as I has t' fuss round de house seel dat everything is right, what Miss Fannie likes me t' do, 'cause I knows what she wants, dat goll from de West must have taut I was a mug what was a guest in de house."

"Dat's a little game de Duchess is pretty slick at playing herself, but I never meant t' play it—t' just kinder happened so."

"Anyways, dis was de happen: It was one of dose warm nights we was havin' lately, and I was kinder smokin' around de veranda seeling was everything all safe, when dat goll, who'd only come dat day, braces up t' me and says: 'Oh, Mr. Fadden, would you tink it dreadful if I asked you t' take me somewhere where I can sneak a smoke of a cigarette?'"

"Say, I near fell in a fit, not tumblin' yet dat she taut I was one of de swell mugs. I couldn't open me mouth, and she went on, kinder half laughin', and says, says she: 'I'm dyin' for a smoke, and I taut I'd trow myself on your mercies, 'cause you look like a man—dere is her very words—like a man what wouldn't tell.'"

"Say, honest! What t'ell? What could a mug like me do up against a game like dat? I says, 'Sure, lady, I'll join you,' says I."

"I wouldn't dared t' ask you," says she, 'only dat I saw one of de ladies smoking a cigarette wid my brudder.'"

"Well, I was in for it, and I took her down on de terrace behind de bat'house, and in a minute we was both pum' t' heat a fire engine."

"Dis is what I call fun," says she.

"It's up t' de limit," I says, kinder smugling up t' her, so dat she wouldn't take cold."

"Well, say, we wasn't havin' de worst time dot ever happened, when all of a sudden I seen de Duchess come round de corner. Honest, dere wasn't a ting in her eyes but blood and fire and murder! She opened her mouth t' let out on me, but before she piped a word dat Western goll says, smoot as silk, 'Oh, dis is de lady I saw enjoyin' a cigarette wid my brudder,' she said."

"I taut de Duchess would trow a fit right dere. But I gives her a good wink, and she braced up and says: 'Oml, madame, I was just looking for anoder.'"

"Say, can you beat dat?"

"Den we all lighted up again, but I felt like I was froze, and soon as I could I sneaked de lady t' de house and den went to de Duchess."

"What do you tink dat goll says: 'Chimmie,' says she, 'It's what you call a boss and boss.' Shake!'"

"And we shook."

"We must go t' Mr. Paul's and stay out of sight till dose folks go home, so dey will never know," de Duchess says."

"But how will we square it wid Mr. Burton and Miss Fannie? I says."

"I'll tell Miss Fannie," says de Duchess, and she told her dat one of de men had insulted her, and she was going to take me over t' Mr. Paul's and stay dere wid me till de folks had gone, so as I wouldn't sing de man."

"Miss Fannie looked hard, but said nothin', and I tink she tumbled t' de whole game."

"Say, is women queer?"

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

A Leaflet from the
Yellow Kid's Diary.

"Mundy—Say don'te go to der kail show 'cause it's a frawest an' dey ain't got nothin' but cows an' shepe wot ye can see any day ye like fer nothin' over in Ho-bukken, my goll eud give 'em cards an' spades an' beat 'em all along de line."

"Do you tink," persisted the elder, "that you can support a wife?"

"That isn't the question under consideration," returned the young man, bitterly. "The question is: Can I get out of supporting a wife?"—Chicago Post.

"Do you tink that so many women pushing into public life is an indication of the progress of woman?"

"I don't know; sometimes I fear it is only an evidence of the deterioration of man."—Chicago Record.

"They say that wheeling makes you girls too tired to broil a steak."

"Yes, but it doesn't make us too tired to eat it."—Chicago Record.

Officer McPinch—Here, Yer Anner, are the boozing tools I found an the prisoner. A flumy, a centrol, a dark lantern an' a piece of lid polpe wrapped in paper to look like a boozing tool at de store."

Mugs the Bite—Your Honor, you will not let an innocent man be convicted on such flimsy evidence as that, I hope. The articles he speaks of are nothing but my boyde lantern and repale kit.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

With an awful crash the ship collapsed and sank, and the maiden was left struggling alone in the seething, angry ocean.

"Ah," she observed, "this will never do. I must look for something to stick my gum to."

With which she struck out for some time, volcunt letters which she described in the distance.—Detroit Tribune.

"She has a voice like a boxsaw," said the One Who Loved Art for Art's Sake.

"Do you tink," asked, in an awed voice, the One Who Was Dominated by the Thought of Her Salary, "do you tink that that is the reason of her making so much dust?"

All was silent, save for the efforts of the man who was starting the curtain call two minutes sooner than he had been ordered.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Grim Satisfaction.
[Chicago Dispatch.]

The public has the satisfaction of knowing that members of trusts steal from each other whenever they get the chance.

A Good Thing.
[Detroit News.]

After all, perhaps it's a good thing for the country that the average citizen is not compelled to be patriotic more than once in four years.

Old Friends.
[Washington Post.]

Now that the official returns are in we may expect to hear from the Althea Jans heirs and the Briggs case.

SCRAPS OF ART.

London, Nov. 12.—A magazine for money-eyed folk that has just been started, here is called the Lady's Realm. It is supposed to be as fine a product of the printing press as money can produce, but it is, like most English periodicals, a sharp disappointment to us who are used to the exquisite finish and genuine refinement of the best American magazines and weeklies. In a word, with the highest intentions in the world, its management has failed to grasp the secret behind those great periodicals which, though published in New York, are circulated the world around.

"What is the secret?" I once asked an English illustrator.

"Money," said he; "money in the form of good wages is all there is to it. You pay for the best and get it. You start with the best paper and ink and presses and then you pay such prices for letter press, illustrations and engravings that the best men in those lines are tempted by your publishers. In the matter of engraving, you actually manufactured masters in a great art out of raw material by paying princely sums for reproduction." That is the secret that is not yet discovered by the publishers and editors of those periodicals which are heaped by the ton, in numbers like the leaves of Vallambrosa, on the railway-book stalls of England. Therefore, the newest one, the Lady's Realm, is full of sneaky "wash" pictures and cast-iron photographs, and the lover of art turns from it with disappointment.

There is in England a publication that does compare with our best magazines and on an equality. I have long desired an opportunity to pay it this well deserved compliment. It is the Studio, a magazine by artists for art lovers. It does not fill its bulk with paid puffs of horseless carriage builders, fireworks makers or paid adulation of self-made men, nor does it follow the general fashion in printing sloppy pictures of wooden men, impossible